

## The Times.

THE TIMES COMPANY.

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## SUNDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1898.

## ANOTHER BROADSIDE.

A few days ago The Times republished, from the Greenville (S. C.) Mountaineer the substance of a most voluminous editorial against "Expansion." Colonel Hoyt, the editor, evidently knew what he was about when he entitled his article, "Have We a Monarchy or a Republic?" Every enlightened statesman is obliged to see that, while a "colonial" policy may, perhaps, under exceptionally favorable conditions, be safely adopted and wisely administered under a monarchy, still, under a republic form of government, the obstacles against such a policy are well-nigh insuperable.

The British statesman have had long generations of experience in administering a colonial policy, and yet no man of sense and candor can read the speeches or the writings of Edmund Burke without having his faith in such a policy, even under a monarchy, very seriously shaken, and it is a fact perfectly well known to all competent students of British political history, that not a few of the ablest British statesmen since Burke's day have seriously questioned the wisdom of that policy, while some of the most enlightened of them have expended all the powers of their eloquence of tongue and pen in denouncing it as unwise and injurious to the best interests of their country.

But at the present period in the history of America, there are some very peculiar reasons why common modesty, and a decent respect for the opinions of mankind, should make us slow to accept "imperialism." During the whole of our history we have been "home bodies," and, so far as we know, it was the unanimous opinion of the fathers of the republic that we should always remain "home bodies." The warning against "entangling alliances," sounded more than a century ago, in the very infancy of the republic, came from one of the wisest, purest, most unselfish and most far-seeing statesmen that ever administered any government since Moses led God's people out of Egyptian bondage. That warning has become a household word in our politics, and the very hallmark of American statesmen of all parties.

We have, for more than a century, been almost worried out of our lives in our struggles with the mighty problem, how to govern alien races. No man who has really studied the political history of this country in the Debates of the Federal Convention, Benton's Thirty Years' View, Blaine's Twenty Years in Congress, John Quincy Adams' Diary, or any other "authority," can help seeing that nearly everything which we call "American politics," has, during the whole course of our history, grown out of, or been closely connected with the questions, "What shall we do with the negroes?" and "How shall we manage the Indians?"

And on neither of these questions does any thoughtful man believe that any approach to a settlement is anywhere in sight. Now, with such a history behind us, and such problems before us, right here at home, it should seem a proper answer to the "imperialist" to say, "This is the airy nothing of your brain."

An old Virginia statesman of the Piedmont region used to tell gleefully the following anecdote which is here in point: A sturdy old farmer, who was noted for staying at home and minding his own concerns, lived upon the public road which led to the court-house. On every fourth Monday—County Court-day of Orange—he would see hundreds of men riding by his gate, on their way to the court-house. Not a few of them were his neighbors, and he would ask them, "Where are you going?" "Going to court," "What for?" "Business." Now, the quiet old soul had never been to court in his life, and, naturally enough, was puzzled with the question, "What sort of business can take so many people to court?" So, one fourth Monday, he said to the good wife, "Nancy, as the trap is laid by, I believe I'll saddle the old gray mare, and ride down to the courthouse, just to see what sort of business all them folks is got that." So away he rode to the court-house. There he met

old friends, whom he had not seen for years, and divers "drinks" were taken. He became a little fuddled; some man said to him something he did not like. A fistful ensued, he gloriously "whipped his man," was sued for assault and battery, and had "business" at court the rest of his life. It is not necessary to "apply" this story; it applies itself.

From the same source comes another, which is equally pointed: An old farmer among the mountains of Virginia had a mountain field, skirting the public road. Near the road was a cabin, inhabited by an old free-negro woman, with a whole tribe and generation of children, for whom she found it a hard task to provide. One day she sent one of her boys a mile and a quarter to her landlord's house, to notify him that the fence was down. Now, our friend was an ardent pro-slavery man; so he said, jocularly, "Tell your mother I'm very much obliged to her, and I'll give her a negro." The half-starved, ragged urchin promptly replied: "She got more niggers now than she know what to do wid."

MR. BRYAN SHOULD RETIRE.

Mr. William J. Bryan continues his efforts to keep before the country as the prospective nominee in 1900 of the Democratic party for the presidency. The speech he made on Friday night at Lincoln, Nebraska, is a distinct bid for a new nomination. Yet, if Mr. Bryan is the unselfish patriot that many persons think him, we cannot doubt that he will renounce all ideas of a new nomination and leave the Democratic party to get out of the terrible mess he got it into as best it may. The overwhelming defeat he received in 1896 ought to teach him that there is no more possibility of electing a President who would disturb our standard of value than there is for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle. If he could not be elected then, when the general depression of the country made the free silver cause stronger than it can ever by any possibility be again, how can he expect to be elected now when there is such a flood tide of prosperity coming on the country as has never before been known of in the history of the world?

Mr. Bryan led the Democratic party into ruin and chaos, and the least he can do now is to leave it alone that its strong men may endeavor to drag it out of the mud and sit it on its feet again. What he said in Lincoln about expansion and imperialism meets with The Times' heartiest approbation and with the heartiest approbation of millions of the best and most conservative citizens of the United States. But emphatically as we endorse all he said upon that subject, neither The Times nor millions of those other conservative citizens will ever consent to see Mr. Bryan made President.

But, to make matters as bad as they could be, Mr. Bryan failed to hold his peace with regard to silver when making his speech. He declared that the gold standard had wrought more injustice in our country in the last twenty-five years than Spain had wrought in all her colonies, and that opposition to it will grow until silver free coinage is restored! Mr. Bryan cannot turn his eyes in any direction without seeing evidences of the prodigious prosperity that the gold standard, stability and confidence are bringing the country, yet he continues his platitudes about a scarcity of money when the money markets are so glutted with money that it can hardly be loaned at all. The astounding balance of trade in favor of this country, running for the year 1898 to more than six hundred millions of dollars, makes no impression upon Mr. Bryan. His neighbors in Kansas have paid off all the mortgages on their farms and are among the most prosperous people on the earth, but that counts for nothing with Mr. Bryan.

MUNICIPAL CREDIT.

Robert A. Waller, Comptroller of the city of Chicago, in a recent report, said that "every blow struck for municipal honesty lowers the rate of interest upon Chicago's city financial transactions, and renders more secure legitimate private and corporate interests."

The authorities of every city in this country should study those words, and take them to heart, for they are full of truth and sense. In order to injure, or even destroy, a city's credit it is not necessary that the city officials shall be dishonest and misappropriate municipal funds. They may accomplish the same thing by slipshod methods and mismanagement. It is now a well-recognized fact that a municipality is a business corporation. The great functions of government are administered by the authorities of State and nation. Its business is to lay and collect taxes, within a certain limit, the money thus raised to be used for the protection of property and the comfort of citizens. If the revenue is judiciously expended, if the city's affairs are conducted upon a strictly business basis, if debt is avoided, except so far as it may be necessary to the welfare of the community, and if expenses are kept safely within the revenues, always reserving enough to meet the interest on the city's bonds promptly when due, carrying a certain sum to the surplus to be used eventually in retiring the bonds, that city will have a good credit, and it will be able to borrow money at a low rate of interest, or which is the same thing, its bonds will command the highest price on the market.

But if the city's affairs are conducted in a happy-go-lucky sort of fashion, if debts are piled up injudiciously, if expenses are permitted to exceed its revenues from year to year, if the city is tardy about meeting its interest claims, and if the sinking fund is neglected, that city's securities will not find a ready sale, and if marketed at all it will be at less than their face value.

This is not a matter of politics, but a matter of business, and the people of the cities of the world are more and more disposed to eliminate partisan politics from municipal concerns.

A MESSAGE TO THE GRUMBLERS.

Christmas is pre-eminently the season of good cheer, and to the grumbler it should be a season of prayerful meditation. There is no place in the company of those who keep Christmas in the right spirit for the grumbler. Indeed, it

no time of the year can the grumbler hope to receive a cordial welcome into the society of those who take a different view of life. During the past several years, to be sure, we were a nation of grumblers and calmly spread over the land like a scourge. But that is not our normal condition. Americans are naturally cheerful and happy and disposed to look on the bright side. With most of us life is sweet and our associations and ties are precious. We are not disposed, therefore, to have our peace disturbed by cynical men who say disagreeable things to us or about us, or even about other people and conditions generally. The cynical man who makes cutting speeches, who ridicules all things and all men, who finds nothing good in either man or nature, may find a sort of cheap comfort in his power of invective, in making the sensitive squirm, in getting the laugh on some one who is not so apt at repartee. But such a man must live to himself and within himself and in his own gloom. He cannot in reason expect to affiliate with those who take a more cheerful view of life. There can be no commerce between those who live in the sunshine and those who live in the cellar.

Yet the grumbler is not always a bad fellow at heart. His grumbling is not so much vice as it is a disease. It comes not always from a bad heart, but more often from a bad liver, and with an improved digestion the temper of the grumbler would also improve. But from whatever cause, when grumbling fastens free upon one as a habit, like all bad habits, it is hard to shake off. We come to the grumbler on this joyous Christmas morning with a message of good cheer. If he grumbles and frets and scowls and ridicules and blasphemes because he is at heart depraved, nothing short of a divine miracle can save him. But if his grumbling be simply a matter of digestion, and is physical rather than spiritual, there is hope for him. We would slap him on the back, or poke him in the ribs, and laugh him out of his bad humor. We would urge upon him to make one little experiment with Christmas good cheer. Let him refresh himself during this glad season with great draughts of cheerfulness, and we assure him that he will be so thoroughly invigorated and delighted by the novel experience that he will come out of his cellar and live hereafter in the company of those who enjoy the sunshine. He will certainly be more agreeable to other people, and the chances are that he will be more agreeable to himself.

SANDS AND MONTAGUE.

Without appearing to discuss the merits of the Carter murder trial, we desire to go on record as heartily approving and commending the vigorous, courageous, and manly prosecution of the case by Commonwealth's Attorney Conway Sands, assisted by Attorney-General Montague. It was a prosecution, entirely without malice and strictly within parliamentary practice, yet it was an earnest, conscientious, fearless, and able endeavor to uphold the majesty of the law.

Mr. Sands confined himself more closely to the strict issues of the case, but Mr. Montague, as distinctively the representative of the law in the whole of Virginia, departed far enough from the immediate proceedings to declare himself as to the great principles of law and order, calling attention to the fact that there has been throughout the South of late far too much of lawlessness, of shooting and stabbing and lynching, and too little respect to the laws of God and the laws of man. In his representative capacity he made an eloquent plea for good order and Christian civilization, and his speech has been applauded throughout the length and breadth of this Commonwealth.

Montague and Sands were called upon to discharge a painful duty. It is a task from which every humane man shrinks, to prosecute a case of this character, and to ask against the accused a verdict of murder in the first degree. But with true courage and with due regard to their high calling, they gave a splendid account of themselves, and their superb vindication of the law will have a wholesome influence, not only in this community, but, we believe, in all parts of the State. We commend them, and we assure them of our gratitude and the gratitude of every law-abiding citizen of the State.

A WAIL FROM STANTON.

In a paroxysm of edumity the other day the Staunton Spectator printed the following in its editorial columns: "Rents have dropped fifty per cent. business houses are standing idle. The Virginia Hotel and every building on that block is empty. The Lutheran school buildings and grounds which cost probably \$500,000, sold not long since at \$500,000. The Methodist school buildings and grounds which could have been sold only a short time ago for from forty to fifty thousand dollars, are empty without a bid for them of ten thousand. Buildings belonging to the estate of a deceased person, which had cost over \$1,000,000, and were worth for less than half that sum. It may be disloyal to state these facts, but it is reasonable we plead sanity. It is too often that such facts are heaped because they can do no good. It is too often that it tends to curtail the expenditure of money both by individuals and by the tax laying power."

There is no denying one fact, that while Staunton is admittedly the liveliest town of her size in Virginia, if not in the South, she is in the throes of the most desperate depression by which she was ever visited. Our merchants have laid in splendid stocks for the holidays, but our people do not seem to have the money to gratify their desires, or enjoy the luxuries as on former occasions. This is a sad fact, but true, and coming on as it has at a time when so much cash has been poured into the city, shows how untruthful are these claims, and how deluded have been our people who think that the scarcer money is the more prosperous we are. We had as well wake up to facts, and refuse to be longer deceived.

Hitherto we have been disposed to poke fun at our esteemed contemporary, at what seemed to us to be harmless indulgence in "jugglery," but such a declaration as this is too serious to be laughed at, for if the Spectator is right, it would be cruel to make fun of the distress which it alleges, and if it is wrong, our contemporary has done its own people serious injustice.

But is the Spectator right? We judge not from an article which we have subsequently read in its columns from an intelligent correspondent, who makes a

general and specific denial of the assertions which the Spectator has made. This correspondent admits that real estate values are not so great as they once were in Staunton, but makes the point that there is as yet no speculative demand for real estate in Virginia, and contends that in no sense is the price of real estate the barometer of business conditions, nor can the fluctuations in its price be taken as the gauge of the volume of currency in circulation or held in surplus quantities. He then shows that there are good and sufficient reasons why the Virginia Hotel and the school buildings, to which the Spectator refers, are empty. He says that the failure of the proprietor of the hotel was due to causes and operations apart from the actual conduct of the hotel business and that the hotel itself was in a fairly prosperous condition. As for the schools, he says that they have not been so flourishing because their patronage came from Southern States in which local schools have now opened up, but that these buildings brought at least what they originally cost and some of them now yield from ten to twelve per cent. on the purchase price. He declares also that it is an exaggeration to say that rents have dropped fifty per cent., and as for the assertion that Staunton is in the throes of the most "desperate depression by which she was ever visited," it is a "mere figment of a perturbed imagination." He declares that Staunton was never in a more healthy condition financially, as the last bank reports show, than being an aggregate volume of \$383,250.94 to the credit of individual depositors subject to check, much of it standing in the names of the farmers of the county. He says that the principal architect of the city remarked a few days ago that he had never been so busy as at present, and mentioned five or six first-class residences for which he had prepared plans and which are soon to be erected. He declares that the credit of the city was never better, as evidenced by the fact that recently a block of three per cent. bonds, issued to retire six per cent. bonds, were greedily taken up by the people of Staunton, and that all the six per cent. debt has been converted, or is being converted, into three-and-a-half per cent. obligations taken at par. He declares that the farmers of Augusta were never in a more healthy condition, as evidenced by the bank deposits, to say nothing of the vast amount of money hoarded by those who do not care to have dealings with banks. He declares that the merchants are doing a fairly prosperous business and that, if the people are not purchasing as liberally as at other times, it is not because they are lacking in funds.

It may be that this correspondent is too optimistic. We know not. But we submit that such as he are doing far more to promote the prosperity and welfare of Staunton than the editor of the Staunton Spectator, who has felt, as he tells us, called upon, for reasons best known to himself, to advertise the city which he represents as being a city so impoverished that all who can should leave it, and that any outsiders would be foolhardy to make investments there. But what reason has our contemporary for telling this tale of woe? His whole purpose, if we have intelligently read our contemporary from time to time, is to promote the cause of free silver, and he but emphasizes the fact, which we have so often asserted, that free silver must feed on calamity or die. It is indeed a poor cause, not to say a desperate cause, that must be bolstered up by such a line of policy.

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We are amused to read the speech which Colonel William J. Bryan made to his people at home on Friday last, and which was printed yesterday in our news columns. When Colonel Bryan first broke his long silence, immediately after sending in his resignation, he made no allusion whatever to the silver question, and to ask against the accused a verdict of murder in the first degree. But with true courage and with due regard to their high calling, they gave a splendid account of themselves, and their superb vindication of the law will have a wholesome influence, not only in this community, but, we believe, in all parts of the State. We commend them, and we assure them of our gratitude and the gratitude of every law-abiding citizen of the State.

A WAIL FROM STANTON.

In a paroxysm of edumity the other day the Staunton Spectator printed the following in its editorial columns: "Rents have dropped fifty per cent. business houses are standing idle. The Virginia Hotel and every building on that block is empty. The Lutheran school buildings and grounds which cost probably \$500,000, sold not long since at \$500,000. The Methodist school buildings and grounds which could have been sold only a short time ago for from forty to fifty thousand dollars, are empty without a bid for them of ten thousand. Buildings belonging to the estate of a deceased person, which had cost over \$1,000,000, and were worth for less than half that sum. It may be disloyal to state these facts, but it is reasonable we plead sanity. It is too often that such facts are heaped because they can do no good. It is too often that it tends to curtail the expenditure of money both by individuals and by the tax laying power."

There is no denying one fact, that while Staunton is admittedly the liveliest town of her size in Virginia, if not in the South, she is in the throes of the most desperate depression by which she was ever visited. Our merchants have laid in splendid stocks for the holidays, but our people do not seem to have the money to gratify their desires, or enjoy the luxuries as on former occasions. This is a sad fact, but true, and coming on as it has at a time when so much cash has been poured into the city, shows how untruthful are these claims, and how deluded have been our people who think that the scarcer money is the more prosperous we are. We had as well wake up to facts, and refuse to be longer deceived.

Hitherto we have been disposed to poke fun at our esteemed contemporary, at what seemed to us to be harmless indulgence in "jugglery," but such a declaration as this is too serious to be laughed at, for if the Spectator is right, it would be cruel to make fun of the distress which it alleges, and if it is wrong, our contemporary has done its own people serious injustice.

But is the Spectator right? We judge not from an article which we have subsequently read in its columns from an intelligent correspondent, who makes a

into the quarrying business. This looks like new public buildings for this city. The blasting business seems to be right in Croker's line.

The late Senator Bruce had a life insurance policy of \$250,000 upon which he had paid only one premium when he died, and some papers are speaking of this to show what they call his luck.

Almost everybody had a horn of one kind or another last night.

A New Jersey Board of Health has found out that kissing promotes the grip. As it may come from either source, however, it won't do to ascribe kissing to everybody you find with it.

A Malone (N. Y.) man aged one hundred and nine years, read a newspaper on the day of his death. He might have lived to a ripe old age if he had only shunned those yellow journals.

The laws of Austria-Hungary are printed in eight different languages, and yet there are men enough to break them in all eight tongues at once.

The report is that Don Carlos has the grip—but not on the Spanish throne.

The old lady who kissed Hobson and declared that he was the "sweetest, dearest boy she ever saw," evidently had no children of her own.

A brand of hams has been named after Senator Billy Mason. And now the Spaniard who called him a "Yankee pig" feels vindicated.

A Minneapolis society girl had her pet puppy read by a palmist, and of course the lines read were doggerel.

Among the big plants that will run on full time during the holidays, the holy and mistletoe are conspicuous.

Hobson might create a stampede in Honolulu unless he drops the habit before he reaches the dusky beauties of Hawaii.

General Miles refused to be sworn before the Investigating Committee. But some of the other fellows did it for him when they heard what he said.

His Reason.

Each season has her favored son. For times are made as the clock ticks, and the stars now the one Who figures most at cutting ice.

Light Infantry.

The signal comes from the standing army: "The fire away!" You know. The standing army we have in mind is the vast array of sticks you'll find Beneath the mistletoe.

Begin at the Bottom.

Mrs. Crismon—Do you suppose the natives in the Philippines will get anything in their stocking this year?

Mr. Crismon—No; we'll have to begin by giving them the stockings.—Yonkers Statesman.

Logic.

"The minister asked me how I could defend the practice of skating on Sunday."

"What did you say?"

"I said it might thaw on Monday."